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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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"Fill up each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below."

HIS MITHER'S LADDIE.

BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB.

A wide, wide reach of prairie. The great, round, yellow July moon rising slowly above the horizon.

Two sod houses—one evidently unoccupied. Near the other stood a cow, and close to the black opening which represented a door, lay a dog, his nose in his paws.

Up out of the black opening came a woman. She did not look at the rising moon, at the still brilliant sky, nor at the breeze kissed expanse of grass and flowers. She saw nothing but the drawn face of the baby she held in her arms.

She laid the baby in the old shawl on the ground and sat on a box, staring at it. Her elbows were on her knees, her face on her hands. Such a worn, utterly hopeless face. Her eyes had the hunted look of one beaten from every refuge—of one who had lost and lost and lost.

A year before, when wagons were starting westward every day, she and her husband, with a wagon and two lean horses, and the few things they owned, had started with the rest. They had wandered around, and early in the spring they had stopped at this place with another wagon of movers. They had built their sod huts, the baby had been born, and a week ago the other family had moved on. Three days before, the baby had sickened—the same scorching fever that had burned out the lives of her two other babies had seized upon this one. Her husband had taken their one horse, for he had traded the other for a cow, and had ridden away fifty miles to the nearest settlement, where rumor had it there was an herb doctor; but it was the night of the second day and he had not returned. She could not endure to hold this baby while it died, as she had held the others. The blackest darkness was around her—such darkness as the mind on the verge of insanity can see and feel and hear.

There was the sound of something moving inside the dugout, and a boy emerged from the blackness into the clear, mellow moonlight—an emaciated, ague-weakened boy of about twelve; something about him looked Scotch—his sandy hair and blue eyes and ruggedness of facial outline. He was trembling with weakness, for it was almost the first time he had crawled out since the other movers had gone. He had been with them and they had left him behind in his illness. He knelt down by the baby.

"S'all the bairnie leeve?" His voice was very sweet, and the tenderness of it forced itself on the woman's attention.

"No," she said in a dry tone, as though she spoke with the greatest effort.

"Hae you prayed to the gude God?"

"No."

"Why dinna you pray for the bairnie's life?"

"I don't know how."

"Folks is fearfu' ignorant in this lan'! S'all I pray the Lord to spare the bairnie?"

"It's no use. It's dyin'."

"S'all I pray, I say? The Lord has power ower death itsel'." The voice was insistent.

"Yes," was the forced answer.

He knelt down beside the baby, the moonlight full on him, the warm breeze stirring his hair.

"Our Father in heaven," the trembling voice prayed earnestly, "we ask you to luik at the bit bairnie here an' no tak' it awa' to yoursel', for the mither is grievin' sair—an' she doesna ken aboot your mighty love, nor hoo you can save a'. Dinna let her greet mair. I canna thole it. For your ain Son's sake. Amen."

"I ken the prayer o' twa is better—pray yoursel'," he urged.

And strongly moved, she cried out: "O God, my baby—my baby!"

"That's no sae gude a prayer as mine," hesitated the boy, "but I ken the Lord will hear you sooner sin' its your bairn."

He felt the baby's hands and head—he put his ear to its breast, he felt its feet.

"I maun say," the sweet voice went on regretfully, "I hanna sae mickle faith as I should, an' faith I'm tellt is aye necessary: but we maun mak' up for my lack o' faith by doin'. I ken what to do to mak' the bairnie leeve." He spoke confidently, and the woman started and knelt down passionately by the baby. "You s'all haud it, for it's no deein' the noo, I'm sure—an' I'll pray the gude God to gie me strength till I mak' the fire and heat some water."

He lighted the fire in the primitive contrivance beside the dugout and put on some water, then brought a tin dish and rags out of the house.

"I ken a' there is aboot fevers," he said confidently. "I was sick of a fever in a hospital an' I ken hoo they treat it. They sponged me, an' aye they wrappit me in wet things, an' aye they happit me in dry things, an' they aye pit bit powders, an' wee draps o' drink in my mou', an' I got well fine. I'll sit doon by the fire an' you lay the bairnie in my lap on the plaidie, an' then do you dip the raggies in the warm water and sponge awa'. Sponge its head an' face, an' a' its body, an' its back mair, while I keep happin' it wi' the plaidie. An' do you pit hot things till its feet, an' sin' you hanna powders we'll pit a bit drappie hot water in its mou'—so—you sponge brawly! I ken its whole skin is parched. Losh, its head feels better a'ready! I wis' ye wad luik—its bit eyes closin'—na, na, dinna be a coof!—it's no deein'—it's shuttin' its eyes natural—dinna I tell you its mou's mair easy?"

The woman bathed the little scrawny body with trembling eagerness, the boy wrapping it well in the shawl as she proceeded.

"Quick noo—milk Sukey a few draps, an' we'll pit a big drap hot water intil it." And when the decoction was gently insinuated into the baby's mouth with a spoon, the little thing swallowed and took four spoonfuls, and then restfully turned its little head and slept a quiet natural sleep.

"Noo dinna you see the power o' the gude God?" said the boy triumphantly, in a low tone, as he lay on the ground resting his throbbing head on the dog, while the mother sat on the box holding the quietly sleeping baby. The blackness of darkness had passed away from her. Her heart beat high with thankfulness and love. Never had the like of this happened to her before; she was as sure now that her baby would live as she had been that it would die.

"We hae askit for the bairnie's life and hae receivit—an' noo we maun return thanks. S'all I?"

"Yes."

The boy knelt again. "Our Father in heaven, we return thanks. The bairnie's doin' fine an' the mither doesna greet an' we're mair than thankfu'. Amen."

"Gin I was your age," the sweet voice went on gently after a pause, "I wadna be content no to pray. Hoo can you expect onything gin ye winna ask for it?"

"Who taught you?"

"My mither. Hoo can you teach your bairn gin you dinna ken yoursel'? Dinna you desire your bairn to ken his Maker and the Word, and the catechism?"

"I'll learn from you."

"Aye," with satisfaction, "then you can teach the bairn. Hae you had ither bairns?"

"Two."

"Deid?"

"Yes."

"Didna they ken their prayers?"

"They died babies."

"I ken the gude God took the bit things whaur they could be well and happy, an' wadna leave them to be no taught their prayers an' no to respec' his name. Gin you teach this bairn gude ways I dootna you'll keep him."

The boy spoke with absolute confidence; the woman's face changed marvellously; she leaned forward eagerly.

"Are my babies happy?"

"Aye, aye." The sweet voice was decisive but low. "I had a brither and a sister that died babies, and my mither, she told me about it. Jesus loves the bairnies, an' he carries the babies in his bosom. There's no cold nor no heat—no sickness nor no tears—where my mither is"—with a little break in his voice.

The woman's face wore a strange, far-away look. Her intelligence was being aroused. She had heard from time to time of God and of Christ, of heaven and of prayer, but she had heard as one without ears. No message had ever come addressed to her. All these things were for people with leisure and money and homes. Now it seemed different.

"Is your mother dead?"

"Aye, she died amaist as soon's we landed in this kintra. She bade me never to forget my father's an' my mither's God—an' I winna. An' to pray every day, an' I will. An' to luik oot always for a chance to tell folk aboot oor Saviour, an' hoo he died to save us, an' I will. An' she said God himsel' wad care for me, an' she died." The boyish voice trembled again.

"An' yer daddy?"

"He died in Scotland."

"An' were ye left alone?"

"Aye."

"I don't call that God takin' good care of you." The boy seemed momentarily staggered. "But he did," he answered. "I had a sair fever an' went to a braw hospital, an' lived fine an' learned good English."

"How came ye here away?"

"They got me a place to work for a gardener. He wanted to gae West an' took me. But his wife couldna thole me. She couldna thole anything her mon liked, an' she wadna gie him ony peace till he let me gae wi' they Bakers yon; an' they were a shiftless lot. It made me sick to see 'em. Gin I hadna been of an' unco thankfu' deesposition, an' unco weel instructit, I couldna hae thankit the gude God for the dirty messes they cookit. An' when I came doon wi' the fever an' shakes, you ken they left me here. I feel better the night, though I been thinkin' I wad surely dee."

"God might 'a' cared for you better than to drop you out here in this lone waste, nary house in sight, and chance to starve come winter."

"Na, na, hoo ken you that?" the boy rejoined wistfully. "Belike he was carin' for you. Didna I help you with the bairn? Belike you'll be a gude woman the noo, an' no be like they Bakers mair, an' teach your bairnie gude ways, an' help your mon gar the lan' gie us great things come winter. Gin I get on my legs, I'll gar things grow my ain sel', for I ken hoo. An' I'll help fine, an' we'll hae things better for the bit laddie, for I ken hoo. I ken a heap o' things."

The woman's horizon seemed to widen. Something of the greatness and calmness of the prairie seemed to enter into her nature. Something of the soft, clear light that flooded the landscape seemed to be shining dimly in her own soul—the light of hope and trust—even the light of God's love. And she had her baby sleeping safely in her arms.

"Will you love the Lord Christ wha died to save you, an' wha carries your wee bairns in his arms, an' love and serve the gude God who made us a', an' loves us a', an' grieves sair gin we gang oor ain miserable gait, no gettin' the grau' good that comes frae servin' him? Will you—the noo—for the bairnie's sake too?" Still the sweetness of the boy's voice, the insistent earnestness of it.

"O yes," she half sobbed, "if you'll teach me."

"Gin you'll pray aften wi' me the Lord himsel' wull teach us baith an' gie us the gift o' his Holy Spirit. Sae I've aye been tellt, an' my mither taught me oor Saviour's words till I ken the maist o' what he said himsel'."

When the dawn came a weary horseman rode slowly alone across the prairie to the house, head down, utterly discouraged. He had a dim feeling that his wife would lose her mind if the child died—and he knew it was dead. The herb doctor had been gone two months. There was no hope for him. He had no money. He must go and dig another little grave.

But the boy crawled out to meet him, and half supporting himself by the side of the jaded horse, said, with a smile on his thin face: "The gude God has spared the bairnie's life and its mither's a glad woman. Dinna luik sae doon-hearted, mon! I'm better mysel' an' I'll help you fine. I ken a' aboot diggin'."

That was hard on to thirty years ago. The prairie is prairie no more, but rich farm lands. The woman lives yet and she is old. But her old face is far younger and more peaceful and happy than her young face ever was. The baby, man grown, with a bit of a boy of his own, is, so the neighbors tell each other, "a grand good son to his mother." The husband died before their times were at their best, but not before he had found out that manhood was worth something, and that even he could serve God out there in the broad, new country.

And the boy kept his word and "helped fine." He made it the business of his life to mind his good Scotch mother and tell of the love of Christ. And the people on the farm are proud indeed when the great minister comes from his city church and stays with them a while, just as decisive, just as urgent, just as confident, almost as sweet-voiced as when a little lad he "kent a' aboot" so many things.

A little three-year-old who had just heard the nurse tell his father that the newly-arrived baby was his very image, crept to his mother's side and whispered: "Who brought baby mamma?" "The angels dear." "And did the wicked angels rub his hair all off to make him look like papa?"

MRS. WILLIAMS'S THANK-OFFERING.

BY MARY ANDERSON.

It was the autumn of 188–, and the ladies of the First Church Missionary Society were preparing for their annual thank-offering service. In a pleasant sitting room the secretary and her assistant had been writing busily; for a long time not a word had been spoken, but now the last invitation was written, the last envelope addressed, and the friends drew up their chairs before the glowing grate fire for a little chat before separating.

"I hope no one has been overlooked," and as the secretary spoke, she glanced rapidly over the long list of names. Suddenly she exclaimed: "There, we had forgotten Mrs. Williams, and being a newcomer, she would doubtless feel the omission more. I am so glad we discovered our mistake in time."

"Who is Mrs. Williams?" her companion asked. "Is she that bright little woman who came into the Bible class yesterday? I did not catch the name, and afterward my attention was taken with something else until she was gone.

"Yes, that is the one; they have been in church two Sabbaths, and my husband is quite charmed with them. The family consists of the lady, her husband and one little girl, a sweet child. It seems they are strangers in the city, having come from the East. Naturally they are very lonely. They had a letter of introduction to our pastor from their pastor who was a classmate, and it was that fact brought them to our church. It seems too bad Mr. B—— should be away just at this time, but we must try to make them feel at home among us. I am mistaken if we do not find them intelligent, earnest workers, and pleasant acquaintances as well."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Williams, the subject of these remarks, was thinking of this same thank offering service, with a shadow on her usually bright face. She had heard the announcement from the pulpit with genuine pleasure, and more than once during the sermon following had detected herself wondering if she would receive an invitation. She really was curious to know how they did such things out here.

To-day, however, memory had been busy, and as she recalled one experience after another through which they had passed since last she attended such a service, she was filled with sadness. Could it be possible only twelve months had passed since then?

How well she remembered the pleasure with which she had laid aside coin after coin as one blessing after another came prominently before her. Now it was the best husband in the world, the dearest children, her happy home, the health of her household; and so the pile grew until her "offering" was a large one, but now how changed everything was?

Notwithstanding heroic efforts on her part, she could not disguise the "boarding house" aspect of the two rooms, which were their home for the present, and to day they seemed more dreary than ever. Mrs. Williams had an artist's taste. She loved light and heat, and warm coloring; and the faded carpet, nondescript furniture and the little black stove, which gave out some heat, but no light or cheer, were a constant trial to her, and as she contrasted them with the dear home they had left tears would come in spite of her.

For sake of her husband and child she had hidden her own grief in her heart and always seemed bright and cheerful, but to-day she would indulge herself in thinking of her troubles. An evil spirit had been whispering to her that she had been hardly dealt by. Why should her husband have met with business reverses when he was such a faithful Christian, serving God on weekdays, as well as Sundays?

What had they done that their dear child should be taken from them? Why must they leave their home, the friends of childhood and youth, and hardest of all, to part from that little grave? All that was left to them of their precious little child. Oh! it was cruel. Love could not prompt such things. In vain conscience strove to make herself heard; deep down in her heart lay the conviction that she was sinning and sooner or later repentance must come, but for the present she was just going to be real wicked, no matter what came of it. She hoped she would not receive any invitation to the thank offering service. She had nothing to be thankful for now and did not wish to make any offering; she had nothing to give anyway.

Just here her reveries were broken in upon by a knock at the door, and having no servant, she rose to open it herself. She felt impatient at the interruption, but compelled herself to speak gently to the bright looking little boy standing there.

"Does Mrs. Williams live here?" he inquired, and being answered in the affirmative, he handed her an envelope addressed to herself. "Here's an invitation for you to the thank offering. My mamma is the president or something, and we boys of the brigade are taking the letters around. I guess you'll like it; they are going to have nice things to eat, too, and we boys are to come around afterward and have some of the cake and things." With a hasty "Good by," his cap was clapped upon his head, and he was down the steps and around the corner before she could collect her senses to make any reply.

With the invitation still in her hand she returned to her seat and took up her work again, but the train of thought so suddenly interrupted was not to be resumed. Already she was beginning to be ashamed of herself, and the kindly words of the "invitation" had touched her heart.

"Shall I then take God's gifts so free,
And give him naught but words of praise?
No offering too great could be
For love that has crowned my days."

Where had she read those lines, and why should they float through her mind at this moment?

She had said she had nothing to be thankful for in the midst of his chastening he had remembered mercy."

She had been thinking bitterly of God's dealings with her during the past year, but her mood was softened now. Had she not received good from the hand of the Lord, and should she not receive evil?" She had thought—oh! how wicked she now felt it to be!—thought she did not wish to make any offering. Now she longed to have some worthy gift to offer him.

Why just then should a certain gold coin in her possession come to her mind? So plainly she felt it to be a test of her repentance, but she was not yet prepared for such a sacrifice, and in the intensity of her feeling she spoke aloud: "Not that I cannot part with that."

"And the young man went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions." She had never quite sympathized with the young man before. Had always thought she would have been ready to sacrifice all for his sake had she seen him in the flesh, but it came home to her now with a personal meaning.

Going to her bureau, she took from it a small box which she unlocked with a tiny key worn around her neck, and with tears streaming from her eyes, she took from it her treasures. The commercial value of the contents would have been small, but to the mother's heart they were invaluable. There was a golden curl cut from the head of her darling boy as he lay tossing with fever. The tiny shoes with worn toes. How little she had dreamed as she drew them from the restless feet that they would never be worn again! A few toys and books soiled by baby fingers. How precious they all were! And lastly, a shining coin. How well she remembered his delight when he received it as a birthday gift so short a time before he was taken from them. The baby prattle of all the wonderful things he would buy. Always coming back to his first choice—a "real, live pony"—she could hear again the very tone of his voice. What pleasure it had given him to hold in his little hot hand that bit of gold when no longer able to run about, and when the weak fingers released their grasp and the faint voice whispered, "You can have my 'ellow penny, mamma, I am doing to live wif Jesus now," she had felt that nothing would ever induce her to part with that coin.

The scene changes, beside the little white casket stands their dear old pastor. Death seems robbed of its sting as in tender words he pictures the child amid heaven's glories cared for and tended by angel nurses, carried in the Saviour's bosom. It does not seem so hard now to lay the dear body in the ground to await the resurrection, and they can say although with faltering lips, "Thy will be done."

But mothers are human, and she recalls with a shudder the chill that struck her very heart, as she watched the snow flakes fall upon that precious grave. How often she had awakened suddenly in the night, when the winds were howling, and almost imagined she could hear her babe crying with terror! O, what a comforting thought it had been to her then, that the spirit was safe with her Saviour! What must her grief have been, had she not known this, and now as she recalls it all her heart goes out in love and pity for those poor mothers who have never heard of that Saviour's love. How wrong she has been to withhold anything that could be used to carry the "glad tidings" to them. Falling on her knees, she prays earnestly first for forgiveness for her wicked and rebellious thoughts, and then she humbly pleads that this treasured coin may be the means of bringing like comfort to some heathen mother's heart.

It is truly a thank offering, not so much for the temporal blessings which she still enjoys, but more than all else, for the certainty that her dear baby's spirit is not wandering about seeking habitation in some animal perhaps. What a fearful thought, and how her heart swells with love and gratitude to God that he had cast her lot in a Christian land, and overflows with sympathy for other bereaved ones. Those poor dark skinned mothers had seemed rather unreal and visionary to her, now they are brought very near to her through mutual suffering.

The thank offering service was over, and as the treasurer of the society gathered up the offerings that had been brought in, some curiosity as to the donor of that one gold coin flitted through her mind, but it kept its own counsel, and gave no hint of the struggle it had cost the owner to part with it, nor of the mission upon which it had been sent forth, winged with prayer and heartfelt gratitude. Eternity alone will reveal these things, but from that day the First Church Missionary Society had one member whose interest and zeal never flagged, and often served to stimulate others.

FIVE LITTLE CHICKENS.

Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A green little leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A wee gravel stone!"

"Now see here," said the mother
From the green garden patch
"If you want any breakfast,
Just come here and scratch

RIGHT ABOUT FACE.

BY MRS. SARAH HENDERSON WIGGINS.

The air seems full of the odor of pinks when I recall Miss Peekby's home among the hills. I hear, too, a plaint and a work-a-day hum, which, to prosaic ears, is nothing more than a tuneless duet—a bird's "hoo-hoo-hoo-el" in a neighboring forest, and the whir from the sawmill in the valley. But to me it was an agreeable breaking of the stillness of the glen, and comes back through the long years with the sweetness and sadness of symphony and requiem.

Be it din or music, it was as much a part of Miss Peekby's onward march as are the fife and drum to the moving regiment. One seemed to find in it the keynote to the woman's life, the bird bespeaking its monotony and the busy round of the mill wheels her unceasing industry.

One morning in June the sound from the mill was hushed. "Stopped for repairs," read the placard on the door. The condition of things in Miss Peekby's cottage seemed to read much in the same way; for the mistress's hands lay idle in her lap; the bird, too, was croaking out a solo, the minor of whose notes seemed to accord with her reflections, for a deep sigh came from her breast. She had spent the morning searching for a promissory note held against Simon Dunkirk, for a loan of three thousand dollars on three years' time. In ten days payment would be due.

But something more than the missing note was troubling Miss Peekby. The day before, she had given her promise to take charge of a five-year-old child; a daughter of a third or fourth cousin to whom she was under obligations for his influence in preventing a street from being put through her grounds.

The child's mother had died the year previous. Since then she had lived at the Rev. Obadiah Dixon's. But good Mrs. Dixon, too, had gone the way of all the earth, and again Nina Willard was homeless.

It was hard to tell which of her worries vexed Miss Peekby the most; the promise to take the child, or the disappearance of the note.

"There's one thing," she argued, "one can be helped if t' other can't!"

Feelings of gratitude were ignored, and one week from the day she had given her promise to Mr. Willard, she made up her mind to recall it.

Taking a slate from a cupboard, she wrote upon it the first draft of a letter. As she read what she had written, a sense of relief came over her. She gave a satisfied glance around the little kitchen. How large and inviting it looked now that she was not going to share it with the child!

"'Pears like I hain't budged fur a whole week without that child a-hangin' to my skirts. She's dragged me down an' been 's heavy-like as if she was here. Now since I've got that letter writ I feel light an' easy-like. I could a'most dance fur joy! I wonder 'f I could do them dancin' steps of th' old apple-parin' days?"

She looked shyly around and saw that even the cat was not about, that the outside door was closed and that the clematis vine closely curtained the window. Laying her slate upon a chair, she stood in the middle of the floor. Courtesying to an imaginary partner on her right, then to another on her left, she tripped forward to meet an imaginary vis à-vis. Her blood was young again. Though her years were on the shady side of twoscore and ten, her limbs were still nimble. Presently, her "tra-la-la-la," to which she kept step, was interrupted by a voice at the window.

"Somebody, I's looking at you."

"Good land o' liberty!" ejaculated Miss Peekby dropping suddenly upon a chair and directing a frightened glance toward the window. There among the vines, sparkled a pair of sweet blue eyes. They were looking from a little child's smiling face.

"I's Nina," the voice said again, "I's come to live here. Is you cousin Peek?"

If one of the blossoms over the trellis had spoken Miss Peekby would not have been more startled. Her wonted grimness sat upon her countenance again. She opened the door and peeped around it. There stood a plump little girl, with brown curls and pretty rosy lips.

"Are you Nina Willard? How'd you happen to come to-day, when you wasn't expected fur a week?" Miss Peekby asked in tones which suggested a menace.

"Papa hurted his foot, an' mus' stay in for ever'n ever so long, longer'n two or free weeks," was the answer.

"Who brought you?" asked Miss Peekby ushering in the new-comer.

"Mr. Thomas brought me in th' wagon with th' pigs. There was some baby pigs in the wagon too; an' I wanted Mr. Thomas to let me have one for my own, but he said mebbe you had some baby pigs here, has you?"

"No, I hain't any pigs, thank goodness!"

"Uncle Dixon hasn't any pigs either, but there's a little baby there—has you any babies?" was the next query from the sweet voice.

"No!" shouted Miss Peekby with energy, "nothin' but a black cat an' all th' trouble that's goin'. Now don't say another word till you're slicked up a little! More 'n likely you're all covered with fleas—a-ridin' in a wagon with pigs. I s'pose Josiah Thomas was on his way to Kingston, an' 't was your only chance o' gettin' here fur th' dear knows-when. Fur my part, I wish that father o' yourn hadn't hurt his foot—least ways, jest now!" The rest of her reflections were unuttered, but they were surging like troubled waters within her mind. When she had finished dusting the little girl, she said:

"Now, go out 'n play till th' dinner bell rings. When th' butcher boy comes, I'll get him to fetch in your trunk 't Josiah Thomas left down there 't th' back gate."

When Nina had gone, Miss Peekby threw thoughts to the walls:

"I wish t' goodness I'd writ that letter yesterday! I s'pose it'll be Right 'bout face, 's long 's she stays! jest as 't was this mor'n while I's takin' them dancin' steps. Home ain't much of a home when a body has t' be on their p's and q's all th' time! I'd like t' know what th' Lord sent her here for! they say nothin' happens by chance. Th' first thing I'd better do, 'ud be to bung up m' ears with spermaceti wax to shet out her everlastin' questions!"

But to the child playing upon the lawn the world was all gladness. The garden, gorgeous with its old-fashioned flowers, filled her with rapture. The very birds in the tree-tops seemed to be welcoming her with their sweetest carols.

"I guess th' look from cousin Peek' spectacles don't reach high up or she 'd see th' birdies!" thought Nina recalling Miss Peekby's possessions as the latter saw them. "I s'pose cats 'n troubles is down, an' birdies an' fings 't ain't trouble is up."

Plucking a handful of dandelions she ran toward her cousin, who was in the doorway ringing the dinner bell.

"See, cousin Peek! the pretty yellow flowers I brought you!"

"O, them's nothin' but old dan'lions!" said the woman.

"O, no, cousin Peek; these are *young* dandelions; the old ones have gray heads." She referred to the feathery white tops which succeed the bloom.

A flock of flying birds soon caught her attention, and made her look skyward. The wind was tumbling the clouds into masses in the sky, then breaking them into symmetrical shapes. A mountain-chain would burst from the mass, then take the shape of a great white turret, which was no sooner formed than its vapory walls would part and disclose a cherub's head looking down upon earth. The eye scarcely grasped its shape, when it became a profile moving onward and followed by an airy procession resembling human forms.

"It must be Sunday in heaven," said the child softly, "'cause the angels are going to church. O, look! there's another, don't you see it, cousin Peek?"

"I don't see nothin' but clouds. An' 't ain't Sunday, it's Saturday. Sunday comes to-morrow. Now come in t' your dinner!"

Nina took her seat, folded her little hands before her plate and inclined her head. One thing after another was handed to her, but each was persistently ignored.

"Ain't you goin' t' eat any dinner?" asked Miss Peekby.

Nina looked up at the woman from under her eyebrows.

"Say God!" said the child in a solemn voice.

"What?" almost screamed Miss Peekby.

"Say God!" again came from the demure little lips.

"I guess that might be swearin', an' I don't swear," replied Miss Peekby.

"Uncle Dixon said 'God' every time we went to the table."

"O, I reckon you mean a blessin'!"

Miss Peekby began to fidget. She saw that the child still waited for the ceremonial that she had been used to at the Rev. Obadiah Dixon's.

"It's gettin' worse 'n ever," thought Miss Peekby, while great beads of perspiration stood out upon her face.

Nina still eyed her from under her brows.

"I don't know no blessin'," said Miss Peekby, in desperation. She squirmed in her chair and tried her best to seem unconscious of the little one's gaze.

"I've got a—a—"

She was about to take refuge in the excuse of singers, and plead "a cold;" but the mesmerism of Nina's serious eyes wrung from her:

"O Lord—help us! Amen."

When the supper hour came, Miss Peekby set a bowl of bread and milk upon the table and called the child to eat it. Then taking a basket, she slipped out to the hen roost to gather in the eggs.

"I can get 'round th' suppers by settin' 'er a bowl o' bread 'n milk an' goin' away to do my evenin' stint. But th' breakfasts an' dinners stare me 'n th' face like taxes 'n death. I reckon I'll haf to dread 'em th' rest o' my nat'ral life. I'd ruther—I'd ruther take a thrashin' three times a day 'n be 'n th' fix I was at dinner to-day."

But during the night Miss Peekby gathered her forces together, and by breakfast time the following morning she had determined upon a course of action.

She had a severe, resolute look as she began carving the steak. Even the tight little knot of hair perched right upon her bump of self-esteem looked as though it was primed for fight and was about to cry "To arms!"

As the little brown head bent over the plate, Miss Peekby announced:

"You might 's well begin eatin'. I'll say right now 't blessin's ain't 'n my line; I ain't no parson, nor th' wife o' one."

There was no appeal. The blessing was omitted.

Presently there was a chime of sweet-sounding bells calling the villagers to church. At the sound Nina went bounding into the kitchen. Miss Peekby was shelling peas.

"Cousin Peek, ain't it 'most time to get our fings on?"

"Get our things on fur what?"

"For church an' Sunday-school," answered Nina.

"I ain't goin' t' th' one nor t' other."

There was a short silence, during which Nina seemed to be considering.

"Nen who'll go with me?"

"There ain't nobody t' go with you."

Another silence.

"I guess I could go by myself, cousin Peek."

"You can't go by yourself, an' you ain't goin' by yourself. I ain't goin' t' let you get lost 'fore you're here a week."

"Nen why won't you go, cousin Peek?"

"First place, I haf to get these peas cooked fur dinner."

Nina began to cry.

"We all went to church an' Sunday-school 't uncle Dixon's," she weepingly announced; "and aunt Dixon said 't folks oughtn't to stay away 'less they 're sick; an' we're not sick. Let's go, cousin Peek."

"Here 't is again! Right 'bout face, 'n my own house! A body 'ud think you was th' captain o' th' company 'stead o' me! I tell you," she resumed emphatically, "I hain't a-goin'—I hain't no fash'n'ble meetin'-bunnet."

"Why don't you get one, cousin Peek?"

Miss Peekby gave an energetic sniff, then said:

"'Cause big noses an' little bunnets don't go well together, I reckon."

Happening to go into Nina's room that evening at bedtime, she saw the little white-gowned figure kneeling before the bed. After her customary prayer—"Now I lay me, etc."—the following startling supplication met Miss Peekby's ears:

"O Lord! send cousin Peek a new bonnet! a fash'n'ble bonnet suited to her nose—so 't she 'll go to church! Or perhaps, Lord, it 'ud be better to make cousin Peek so 't she won't hate to go to church in the old bonnet!"

A late hour that night found Miss Peekby with her slate and pencil. She was drafting a letter to Samuel Willard. She had made up her mind that the child should go.

But somehow the letter never got beyond the slate. The little white figure at the bedside would linger before Miss Peekby's mental vision. The lisped petition echoed in her ears the whole night and all the next day. That afternoon she went to a neighbor's and gave her a commission at the milliner's.

In a day or two a neat bandbox was left at Miss Peekby's door. On the following Sunday she stood before the glass with the wee thing perched on the back of her head.

"I'll go to church," she said to Nina, who stood regarding her with delighted interest, "but I'll not gear myself up like a fool! p'haps I might, 'f there was no other way—but there's th' old meetin'-bunnet—I'll wear it."

Unlocking a closet she took down from a high shelf another bandbox. From it she brought an old leghorn shaped like a wagon-top. Its service had been too intermittent to rob it of its original splendor, so that its ribbons looked fresh. But something about it had fixed Miss Peekby's gaze.

"Why, bless my stars!" she exclaimed, "if there ain't that missin' note pinned inside th' crown o' my meetin'-bunnet! I recollect 't all now, plain 's if 't was yesterday!"

Miss Peekby stooped and kissed the little one at her side. There was a tear in the old lady's eye.

One cold morning, six months later, Miss Peekby sat weeping by her front window. She watched till it was out of sight, a wagon carrying a red-hooded little girl over the snow-covered valley. Samuel Willard was taking Nina home to his new wife.

Miss Peekby opened her Bible. Her eyes fell upon this passage:

"And a little child shall lead them."

"Amen!" she cried, and dropped upon her knees.

[The foregoing are copyrighted "prize stories" of the *New York Observer*, to which publication we are indebted for the plates and the privilege of publishing them.—ED. JOURNAL.]

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

NEW YORK, APRIL 11, 1895.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164 h Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Tuesday, it is the best paper for deaf mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

One copy, one year, - - - - - - - - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - - - 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF MUTES' JOURNAL
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

FIRE!

ON the night of Monday, April 8th, the JOURNAL office was totally consumed by fire, and we are enabled to get out this issue, and probably the next two, through the courtesy of Rev. Dr Charles A. Stoddard, editor-in-chief of the New York Observer, and First Vice-President of the Board of Directors of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. The JOURNAL office occupied the third floor of the Trades School building of the New York Institution. The building was a three story brick edifice, and had a carpenter and cabinet-making shop, a shoe shop, a tailor shop, chair caneing industry, and painting and glazing department. The fire is supposed to have originated in the closet where paints were kept, caused, it is thought, by spontaneous combustion. The flames were something wonderful to behold, as the inflammable and chemical nature of the material changed them from green to yellow and red, and forced them upward in great forks of flame for nearly a hundred feet All that is left of the handsome building with its fine clock-tower, is the cellar and a few foundation stones and masses of brick and twisted iron.

The printing office wherein for fifteen years the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has been set up in type and printed, contained the most machinery, and consequently is the greatest loss. There were tons of type, three large imposing stones, a proof press and a first-class Gordon job press, a paper cutter and a large Hoe cylinder press. Besides this there were hundreds of dollars worth of photo-engravings, wood-cuts and electrotypes. When the flames had burned away the beams of the floor on which this machinery and material rested, the big press went with a mighty crash through the next two floors into the cellar, carrying with it the type and other machines and pulling the side-walls inward. The power of the press was illustrated in a most convincing manner.

What memories cluster round the old JOURNAL office! We can see again in mental vision the youthful forms of boys who climbed the rugged hill of knowledge nearly twenty years ago; boys who are now men in the prime of life, and most of whom are fathers of families, honored members of society, and successful wage-earners, on whom life's trials and tribulations have made but little impress. Some of these old-time boys have shown their love and loyalty now. Their proffers of help, their earnest sympathy, and the expressions of sadness that the printing office wherein they learned the mysteries of the "art preservative of arts" was but molten lead and ashes, all touch a responsive chord in the editor's breast.

The JOURNAL "art gallery," which contained photographs of distinguished deaf-mutes of almost every country of the world, institution buildings and their principals, clubs, societies, conventions, etc., is all gone.

The subscription books and ledgers of the JOURNAL are now in ashes, and a duplicate mail-list is all that enables us to send this issue to subscribers. The addresses in a few instances were lately changed, and we ask all to notify us at once if the paper is correctly addressed, and also to send the receipt for their subscription, so that a new subscription book can be made. If the receipt has been lost please send the date of expiration.

This number is necessarily behind, but we hope to have future issues promptly on time, and trust that the circumstances will be sufficient excuse for any defects or shortcomings.

DEAF LITTLE ONES.

AN INSTITUTION THAT TEACHES SPEECH FROM SIGHT.

THERE are many deaf people who cannot hear a word that is said and yet can tell what is being told them in conversation. They can do this by closely watching the lips of the person who is talking, and by close observation they in time learn so well that it is difficult to tell that they are deaf. Up to a few years ago nobody ever thought of teaching this art of lip reading to deaf people in early youth, but now it is a recognized part of the study in every institution for the deaf and dumb, and with it is taught, slowly and with great difficulty, speech. The last report of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in Philadelphia contains an interesting paper from Dr. Crouter, the superintendent of the Primary Oral Department, in which he says: "The age of admission having been lowered from eight to six years, two classes of very young children were formed. In these classes great attention was given to speech-reading, there being no attempt to teach the pupils to speak words until several months after they entered school. From the first there were daily drills given in the single elements of speech, and exercises leading to the control of the voice with a view to correct articulation. The language work consisted of commands, such as jump, run, walk, come to me, give me a book, etc., with the name of familiar objects. The result of the plan was that the children impressed from the outset by the fact that all information was to be obtained from the lips of others, and, when the time came to teach them to speak the words, their meaning was perfectly clear and all their effects were towards correct speech. This certainly seems the more natural manner of acquiring language, for does not a hearing child understand a large number of words long before attempting to use to them?"

DR. CROUTER makes an astonishing statement in his paper when he says: "The experience of the last three years, during which time all pupils entering the institution have received oral instruction, convinces me that many if not most of the deaf have some degree of hearing. It varies from a slight amount to quite enough to enable them to hear their own voices and, after training, to distinguish single sounds and words. Although the hearing is in no wise sufficient to enable them to acquire speech in the natural manner, it is certainly of too great importance to be overlooked, and aural training has greatly benefited many of our pupils. I propose testing the hearing of all placed under my care and having systematic work done wherever it is shown to be necessary." Certainly there is hope that he will pursue his researches and kept up his observation in the interests of science and humanity. His opportunities are many, and his discoveries in this direction will be of the highest value.

THERE are at present 480 children in the Deaf and Dumb institution, 251 boys and 229 girls, the largest attendance in the history of the school. The total cost of maintaining these little ones in the past year was $128,-927 39 Dauphin county is represented by five boys and five girls. The pupils are given a liberal education, and manual training is not neglected. There are sewing, tailoring, shoemaking, knitting, shoe-fitting, printing, carpentering, painting, and baking departments, and each pupil has two hours a day at learning something useful. Institutions of the character are of the greatest benefit to humanity, and are doing a world of good.—*Pittsburg, Pa., Telegram, March 27.*

FANWOOD.

The Trade School Building Destroyed by Fire.

NO LIVES LOST, AND NONE INJURED.

Meeting of the Literary Society--Notes.

At midnight on Monday, April 8th, a disastrous fire, originating in the paint shop by spontaneous combustion, destroyed the entire trade school building notwithstanding the united efforts of several engines to quench the flames. A strong east wind was blowing, accompanied by a sprinkling of rain, and the new power house was directly in the way of the flames. It sustained no damage, however, as the firemen, perceiving that there was no hope for the trade school building, directed their efforts towards preserving the power house. Four institution attaches who slept on the floor of the trade building, narrowly escaped death by the fire. They were rescued with difficulty by the aid of the ladders, sustaining slight injuries. One of them, an old man, John Shotwell by name, who has for many years been connected with the Institution in the capacity of Assistant Gardener, was barely able to escape. He sat for some time astride the window-sill, unknowing whether to remain or to jump for his life. But help came all in good time, and he was borne, half smothered, to the hospital. The flames were magnificent, illuming the country for miles around, and their scorching breath heated the window panes against which pressed the anxious faces of the boys in their dormitories. Few of them slept well that night, so excited were they. The total loss will probably foot $30,000, which is covered by insurance. For the present pupils will receive daily trade instruction in the chapel. The JOURNAL is printed in the office of the New York *Observer*, of which the Rev. Charles Augustus Stoddard, one of the Board, is editor. The new trade building when completed will far surpass the old one, and will possess every facility for the comfort and progress of the pupils. In a week or two the cottage hospital may be utilized for the publication of the JOURNAL. Editor Hodgson suffered the greatest loss and he has the sympathy of everybody. Nothing in the tppographical line was saved. The type was all melted into a leaden stream which hardened in a few hours. The presses, which fell through the floor to the ground below, making a terrific noise were damaged beyond reparation. Business papers, money and books possessed by Mr. Hodgson, were totally destroyed. And yet, perseverance and pluck will bring out the JOURNAL a little behind time this week.

The following question was debated before the Fanwood Literary Association in the chapel on Saturday evening: "Resolved, That chess, checker, etc., give more pleasure than football and baseball (mind *versus* body)." Affirmative side—James Avens and Ralph Lawton. Negative side—William E. Short, Matthew Morrison. Judges—Herman Lamm, Wm. Abrams and Edith Gray. At the conclusion the victory was awarded to the negative side. Miss Sarah Freeman declaimed a short poem. It was nicely rendered. The girls are just beginning to show some interest in the society. John Elflein read the news of the week. Then followed a one-act farce entitled, "The Two Lovers," written and managed by J. Henry Hogan. The cachinnations of the spectators fairly shook the building. Evidently the farce was well appreciated. It was presented after a single rehearsal. Following are the cast of characters and synopsis:

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Madeleine,	J. H. Kaiser
Ursulla,	H. Lamm
Ollie Teall,	J. H. Hogan
Ward McAl.—(also Doctor),	G. Hamm
Father of the two girls,	F. Avens
Mother,	J. L Hayes
Policeman,	J. E. O'Brien
Priest,	E. V. Moselein
Messenger Boy,	R. Zundel

SYNOPSIS.

Scene.—Sitting room. The telegram. Madeleine anticipates a call from her heart's own, just returned from abroad. Ward McAl. Love talk. Their chairs edge around till they have their backs to the people and their faces to the wall. Ursulla catches them embracing and throws a pillow at them. Ward turns a somersault. Ollie enters at this juncture, stumbling over a pin. He takes a chair on the other side of Madeleine. Madeleine clasps her hands behind her. Ollie and Ward happen to have the same idea, and their hands seeks hers behind her chair. Masculine paws meet and give mutual hearty pressure, under the sweet impression that Madeleine is encouraging them. Growing bolder under the ecstatic pressure, each puts on a look of triumph and offers to salute her virgin lips. She jumps out of her chair in affright, and they discover to their chagrin that they are pressing each others' hands. The scuffle. Papa takes a hand, and kicks them out of doors. Mama scolds Madeleine, and papa lectures on the evils of flirting, extracting from her a promise never again to receive those two ruffians. Exit papa and mama. Ursulla comes in to comfort Madeleine. Madeleine brightens up, and says she has received a call from her beau. Ursulla replies that she expects Ollie soon. Madeleine eyes her half pityingly, half contemptuously. "Ollie has been here to see *me*," says Madeleine. The quarrel. Ursulla leaves, in tears. Ollie sneaks in once more, and vigorously presses his suit. Papa comes in suddenly and catches them dallying. He is enraged at Madeleine for breaking her promise. Seizing Ollie bodily he gives him a kick toward the door. Ward McAl. confronts him with a brace of revolvers, and vows vengeance on him for alienating Madeleine's affections. Down on his knees sinks poor Ollie, begging for mercy. Papa interferes. Mama comes in to see what is the matter. Madeleine aims a stick at Ward McAl. It strikes him in the eye. He involuntarily pulls the triggers and lets fall the pistols. Ollie drops dead. The pistols strike on papa's corns and he gives a wild howl and elevates Ward with his toe. His shoe flies off, coming down on Mama's crown, and upsetting her and Mollie. Papa goes for a policeman. The arrest of Ward McAl. The doctor. The post-mortem examination. It proves to be ante-morten. With the aid of huge wrenches, the doctor extracts the bullets from Ollie's heart, and gives interesting prescriptions for his recovery, which happy event he fixes for 500 years hence. The recovery. Papa approves of the marriage of Ollie and Madeleine, and goes for a priest. The marriage. Ward McAl. just liberated, invites himself to the ceremony. Finding that Madeleine is out of his reach, he turns to Ursulla. They wed, also. The dance. Good-night bow.

On Friday evening, the pupils took a stereopticon trip to Switzerland over the Chapel curtain, accomplishing the journey in about two hours, which was a pretty good showing for modern rapid transit. Fairy Paribanou's magic travestry (Arabian Night Entertainments) could hardly have given more satisfaction. The scenery we viewed was grand and inspiring, so much so that it defies description. Berne, Canton of Schwyz, the Falls of the Rhine, Constance on fair Lake Constance, Zurich on Lake Lucerne, Lucerne and Mt. Pilatus, Brunnen, Interlaken, Grundelwald, Lauterbrunnen, six views of Grundelwald glacier; Fribourg, Mt. Blanc, etc., moved by in gentle succession, till once again we breathed the atmosphere of our own native land, and were politely dismissed by a pleasant "Good Night." On Sunday evening we journeyed through Palestine and the Holy Land, beholding many strange and interesting scenes. The hymn, "Rock of Ages," was beautifully pictured on the curtain, and also Jesus with his crown of thorns. Indeed there is a great deal of pleasure and profit to be derived from a stereopticon journey.

On Friday evening, the Fanwood Basket-ball Team met The Y. M. C. A. team of Stamford, Conn., and were defeated by the score 6 to 2.

"And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching in vain, and your faith is also vain"—I Cor. 15:14—was Prof Jones' text in the chapel on Sunday morning. Among other things, he told how an Englishman aboard a slave-ship once bought a negro slave his [illegible] and received in return his everlasting gratitude. Mr. Jones likened mankind to this slave, and the Englishman to Christ our Redeemer. By his blood was our freedom from sin purchased, and should our gratitude be withheld?

In the afternoon, Prof. Fox preached from I Cor. 7:29—"But this I say, brethren: the time is short * * *." He explained the great value of time, and the folly of wasting the precious moments. Many on entering upon an eight year course at school conceive that there's plenty of time before them, and that for the present they need not devote themselves to their studies. Base ball and foot ball are more pleasurable occupations. How sadly mistaken they are. Time wasted can never be recalled, and they will in after years regret that they did not make better use of their school days. Art is long and time is short, and we cannot accomplish much in this life, but God expects us to do the best we can. Thus only shall they merit His reward. *Now* is the time to begin. We may go on putting off trying, forever. 'Tis sweet at times to be idle, but nothing is so sweet as the consciousness of a hard duty well performed.

Richard Drennan, who graduated from Fanwood fifteen years ago, called on his *alma mater* Sunday afternoon.

Fred. Knox, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a former pupil, was among our Sunday visitors.

John Black, of Rahway, N. J., stopped at the Institution for a short time, on Saturday afternoon, after witnessing the Yale-New York baseball game at the Polo grounds.

A beautiful bit of tapestry painting by Frank Avens graces the parlor of Principal Currier. The originality of design and the perfectness of coloring reflects great credit upon the artist and also upon his instructress, Miss LePrince.

Mr. Josias D. Mendez, a former pupil, was over on Sunday evening.

Mr. John Van Seggar, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was here on Tuesday afternoon.

TO "SAID PSHAW."

Fair sir, dost fear to ask my name—
And yet dost ask it?
Methinks you are, indeed, a *dame*—
How well you mask it!

But if, perchance, I be at fault,
Forgive me, sir;
What wonder, where the wisest halt,
I should deblur?

I thank thee that thou wilt confide
Thy name to me;
Then wherefore should I seek to hide
My own from *thee*?

Ah, no joking in this matter;
Read *these* lines, and quickly scatter
Letters superfluous. Truly
You will be rewarded duly.
O, my "syren," hasten to it,
Few besides thee e'er can do it.
But, oh, "gang not far aglee,"
Lest my name you never see.

TRESMAL.

April 11, 1895.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

First Brick Laid with Ceremony.

The Literary Society Re-Christened.

Baseball and Other Notes.

At noon Tuesday, the 2d, the first brick of the new dormitory was laid in place with a brief ceremony, at which the whole school and college were present. Dr. Gallaudet made a happy address, in which he stated that it was the exact anniversary of the day on which, twenty-five years ago, the executors of Amos Kendall signed the deed relinquishing in favor of the Columbia Institution all of the fair acres comprising the Kendall estate. He spoke of the fervent gratitude we all owed to God for the success which had crowned the Institution. Then the Lilliputians of the Kendall School, Arthur Swarts and Sadie Talbert, came forward and the little girl took the brick, which was one from the historic Kendall Mansion now being torn down, out of Dr. Gallaudet's hands, and gave it to the little boy. She kept hold of one end, however, almost till the brick had been laid in its place, with a sweet helpfulness that made a charming *tableau-vivant*. Hats were twirled, and handkerchiefs fluttered joyously, and then the mason stepped to his work. The crowd dispersed a few lingering till a line of bricks had been firmly bedded in the cement. Some one laid a bright ten cent piece on top of the first brick, and so God prosper the new building! A picture of it may be seen in the college edition of the *Exponent*.

The Lit., at its business meeting on Saturday morning, made a change in the rules concerning the Library Fund. The clause providing for a fund to borrow books from the Congressional Library was repealed, and the amended rule reads thus:

"Seventy-five per cent of all the money remaining in the treasury up to November the first of each year, shall be devoted exclusively to the increase and maintenance of the library, and the remaining twenty-five per cent shall be devoted to meet the current expenses of the society."

The name of the society was also changed to "The Literary Society of Gallaudet College," and officers elected for the third term are: President, J. C. Howard, '95; Vice-President, Grimm, '96; Secretary, Bowen, '97; Treasurer, Smielau, '97; Librarian, Kestner, '97; Critic, Cowan, '95. Marcusson, '95, was chosen Valedictorian, and Sullivan, '96, Respondent. The first literary meeting for the third term will be held on the 26th of April.

The new Reading Room Committee is made up as follows: Kiene, '95, Chairman; Peter, '95, Secretary; Smielau, '97, Librarian; Brockhagen, Treasurer; McDonald and Cusack, '96, Committeemen.

The O. W. L. S. elected officers for the third term, Wednesday evening: President, Miss Frederick, '95; Secretary, Miss Kershner, '97; Treasurer, Miss Leyder, '98; Critic, Miss Thompson, '95. The Executive Committee are Misses Martin, '95, Price, '97, and Stemple, '98. The first literary meeting will be held on the 20th of April.

BASEBALL.—Hubbard, '96, has been appointed to succeed Brockhagen (resigned) as captain of the first nine. The game with Columbian University on April 1st was cancelled, as has also been the fate of the proposed game on the 10th with Johns Hopkins University. On Wednesday, the game with the Portlands resulted in the following score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
KENDALLS	7	1	0	10	3	6	0	27
PORTLANDS	3	5	0	0	0	1	2	11

On Saturday, at Van Ness Park, the C. A. C men defeated us. Score:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
KENDALLS	1	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	2	9
C. A. C.	4	0	4	9	0	0	0	3	0	20

The C. A. C. are formidable opponents, and some of our players were at first flustered, but towards the end they made a brave struggle.

Rosson took a couple of photographs of the crowd at the brick-laying ceremony, Tuesday.

Miss Wiecksell, the Co-eds' instructress in Physical Culture, has introduced the game of basketball among her charges. Probably ere long the Co-eds will be having a picked team to challenge outside woman's clubs. What next, O Progress, whose name at present is Woman!

The Misses Chickering gave an "afternoon tea" to the young ladies of the college, Friday afternoon. Even the anti-tea Co-eds declared it a charming social event.

Bingham, '95, is for order and system from the crown of his head to the sole of his boot. Finding that he would have as many as *three* raw recruits from '99 in his camping party, he decided to initiate them beforehand into the mysteries of tent life, so on Saturday morning he hauled his tent out on the lawn and gave those verdant duckies a "setting up drill." He now feels more confident of having a roof over his head the whole of the first night in camp.

Miss Ely, the sister of Instructor Ely, is making a visit on the Green, as the guest of Miss Fish.

Miss Frederick, '95, lectured on "Madame Roland," to the pupils of the Kendall School, Friday evening.

Easter recess begins on Thursday and ends on the following Monday. The *Buff and Blue* is due about the same time; it will be the last issue under the present board.

Mr. Denison's subject for Sunday afternoon was "Responsibility." He said that our sign for the word gave the idea that it was a burden; but there are those, in reality, to whom responsibility is a welcome and pleasing thing.

Arbutus, "the trailing spring flower, tinted like a shell," is once more among us. To all who propose to seek it, we would say, don't pull it by the roots; use knives or scissors, and thus permit the shy sweet plant to grow and blossom again for the delight of those who come after us in future years. And here is a spring posy for my readers, quoted from some unknown lover of nature:

"God does not send us strange flowers every year;
When spring winds blow o'er the pleasant places,
The same dear things lift up the same fair faces,
The violet is here.

It all comes back,—the odor grace and hue:
Each sweet relation of its life repeated,
No blank is left, no looking for is cheated,—
It is the thing we knew."

JANUS.

LANGUAGE FOR MUTES.

THE OLD FINGER SYSTEM FALLING INTO DISUSE—SURPRISING STATISTICS ON THE NUMBER OF PERSONS WHOSE HEARING IS DEFECTIVE.

Old methods of teaching deaf-mutes to converse by means of the sign or finger language are gradually falling into disuse.

A new system, recently devised, by which they can rely on the general facial expression, is being taught instead. In all schools and institutions for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, the new method of teaching articulation and speech reading is used and the best results have been obtained.

The census returns give surprising accounts of the number of totally deaf persons to be found in this country. It was estimated in 1880 that there was one to less than every 1,500 inhabitants, and the census of 1890 gives a much larger per cent. Then there are many children in the schools who have a deficient sense of hearing, though all of them are not conscious of the fact. In one school in this city Dr. Sexton found sixty six cases, only one of which had been previously recognized to be deaf. The same physician found that an average of 13 per cent. of all the pupils examined had a decided defect in one ear or both ears. Out of 450 cases of deafness in children selected for observation in private and infirmary practice, 371 were attempting to retain their places in school. Dr. Worrell, of Terre Haute, Ind., found in one school ninety-eight cases of defective hearing, only one of which had been recoganized by the teacher, and in an orphan asylum twenty-seven intstances, only two of which were previously known.

Miss L. Warren, principal of the Warren Articulation School, who has had fifteen years' experience in teaching articulation and speech reading and who has written many valuable books on the subject, does not believe in Max Muller's theory that there is no thought without language. She says any one who has watched a young child can see that thought certainly exists without words, but must have aid from them or from signs for expression and growth. Miss Warren divides deaf people into two classes. First those who are unable to receive sound properly, and second, those who are unable to express sound even when they have received it properly. After considerable study she has at last devised a systematic method by which she teaches her pupils to read speech by relying on the general facial expression; especially the mouth and eyes. She has grouped some forty and odd articulate sounds into thirteen facial expressions. In speaking upon the subject a few days ago she said:

"The matter was brought to my attention first by seeing deaf children watch a person's face when speaking. I followed this clew and discovered that a number of articulate sounds could be grouped into one facial expression. Of course, it is rather difficult to read the expression of a man whose face is covered with a beard, or that of a man whose moustache hangs down over his mouth.

"There is much less trouble in teaching children this new system than adults, for they are much quicker at comprehending. A person who is gradually growing deaf will place his hand to his ear and turn his side face toward a speaker the moment he does not hear distinctly. Now, there is exactly where they do wrong Instead of turning his head so as to listen, he should watch intently so as to see the expression of the speaker.

"Intelligible articulation in a child who has never heard, seems like a miracle to most persons; yet it must be plain to every one that such a child, while uneducated, could not speak merely because he could not hear. His vocal organs are not impaired. Speech is the variously modified emission of breath. The deaf child surely has breath enough for vital purposes, why not for vocal?

"Deaf people," continued Miss Warren, "are sensitive and painful realize the publicity given by talking to them in a loud voice. A slight hold on the accomplishment of expression reading would enable them to keep in touch with much around them, and a stronger command would put them in a cordial relations with the world's workers."—*N. Y. Advertiser, April 7.*

Entertainment And Reception of the Ladies Auxiliary Committee.

As Wednesday, April 17th, is the day our theatricals and reception will occur, we deem it an appropriate duty to inform the kind public, that our undertaking has already assumed quite large proportions, and we appeal to you for full and ready assistance. It is a peculiarly worthy project, and we, the ladies, have cheerfully volunteered to carry it on, in the firm belief that the numerous friends of our beloved Doctor Gallaudet, will at all times support an affair that is adorned with this illustrious name.

The object of this affair is to increase the fund created by the Gallaudet Half Century Association, which has entrusted to our care and management, the coming event. We spared neither means nor time to procure the best talent for two one-act comedies, namely, "Wanted—A Young Lady," and "Which Shall I Marry," which are selected with a view to tickle the fancies of mature folks. Also a series of tableaux will engage your attention and perhaps enrapture you with the grace and beauty of figure and costume on the stage. We confidently expect that the entire show will far eclipse all efforts in a similar line heretofore, and should it turn out as successful as we hope, it would encourage the ladies to further the interests of other charities that now exist and also that would happen in the future.

We must realize a larger sum, so that the reputation of the deaf of New York can be maintained when put to a test as to our sense of duty and gratitude, and we, indeed, have a right to expect and hope that the deaf will respond royally and numerously, for the name of Gallaudet has already become a household word the world over as the emblem of philanthropy to the deaf.

We have sold a great many reserved tickets, but have a few on hand, and those, not having bought any can write to M. H. Jones, 69 Liberty St, for reserved seats. They cost seventy five cents and one dollar respectively.

The reception, that is to follow the theatricals, will be equally enjoyable, and several gentlemen have so kindly proffered their services to take charge of the floor, and they are all experienced in such positions. We are very grateful to them, and believe that the ball will be a grand affair, replete with joyous faces and brilliant dresses.

Yours respectfully,
THE LADIES' COMMITTEE.

HAD SEEN IT LIVED.

Writing of a conference held at Lodiana, India, a missionary correspondent of Women's Work for Women, says that at one of the meetings a fakir, dressed in the long yellow flowing jacket and large yellow turban of his sect, rose and said: "I am a fakir, as you well know, and not a Christian. I am seeking the true light; but I have great respect for the Christian religion. Why? Because I have seen it lived. The true way of showing Christianity is by living it. Some of the English-speaking people who live in this country and profess to be followers of Christ, do not have Christ like lives. These we do not trust. How can we accept the Christ of such people? But the missionaries force us to respect them. It is their lives that make us respect Christ. I am not a Christian. I would be glad if I could find it in my heart to accept Christ. I have left my wife and daughter in the school at Dehra under your denomination. If they can accept Christ I will not oppose them. If they can become as good as their teachers I shall be most glad, for Miss Sahib Donaldson and Miss Sahib Savage are angels. Yes, angels. It is the lives of these good women that make us long to become Christians."

This fakir had broken caste in sending his family to Dehra, and he is thought by some of the missionaries to be not far from the kingdom. Surely this case illustrates the meaning of Christ's injunction to let our lives so shine that men may see and glorify God.

FANWOOD QUAD CLUB.

Members who wish to take part in our dinner, will please notify me to reserve a cover for them, not later than Wednesday, April 17th. It will be held in Room F, at the Arena. No places will be allowed unless engaged beforehand.

C. J. LECLERCQ,
336 West 41st St.,
New York City.

NEW YORK.

The Quad Club's Annual Election of Officers.

ALL READY FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT AND DANCE.

Calendar for the Week--Coming Weddings--Notes.

The Quad Club elected its officers for the ensuing year last Saturday, and as has characterized its previous elections it was a very orderly one, each member evidently having made up his mind who to vote for some time since.

Mr. E A. Hodgson was re elected President for the third term, no one having been put in opposition to him. Adolph Ekartd was re-elected Vice President by a majority of eleven over two other candidates.

The contest for the secretaryship was a lively one, as has always been the case. The regular candidates were Messrs. Capelli and Lounsbury, but the former having declined to serve if elected, resulted in the placing of three other candidates in the field, making a total of five. Lounsbury led with a plurality of ten, but as he did not have a majority, another vote was taken, resulting in a majority of fourteen for Lounsbury.

For treasurer, Mr. Fox had a walk-over, with a majority of eighteen. Mr. Fox has proven so efficient in handling the financial affairs of the club, which consists of fifty-four members, that there seems to be a disposition to retain him in that office as long as he will consent to serve.

For Sergeant at arms, a new office just created, Messrs. Morris and Haar were the contestants. Mr. Morris won by eight lengths in horse parlance.

It took three ballots to elect the Executive Committee. The successful three out of the six were, J. F. O'Brien, twenty-one votes; A. Klemme, nineteen, and P. F. Redington, eighteen.

Summarized, the officers to guide the affairs of the club for the ensuing year will be:

E. A. Hodgson, President; A. Ekartd, Vice President; Theo. I. Lounsbury, Secretary; Thomas F. Fox, Treasurer; L. Morris, Sergeant-at-arms; Executive Committee; J. F. O'Brien, A. Klemme and P. F. Redington.

They will be inaugurated at a banquet to take place on April 20th, at the Arena, 31st St., near Broadway, the arrangements of which Chas. J. Le Clercq will look after.

Next Wednesday evening the Entertainment and Reception under the auspices of the Ladies' Auxiliary Committee of the Half Century Association occurs at the Lexington Opera House. The Committee have received much encouragement and tickets have been disposed of at such a rate that the indications are for a rousing success. The deaf are always ready to lay aside personal feelings when an entertainment is given, and attend with the consciousness that they are contributing towards a worthy purpose.

The curtain is stated to rise at 8 o'clock. It may wait a few minutes for the tardy ones, as is usually the case, but if it don't it will be no one's fault. All should make it a point to be there early. The dollar and the seventy-five cent tickets are for reserved seats, but with the fifty cent tickets, it will be "first come, first served."

The reception to follow will no doubt be the best part of the affair with many, for the deaf like nothing better than to mingle with and greet many friends and acquaintances. There will be until sunrise in which to do this.

The other events of the week of a public character fall on the day preceding and following the entertainment and reception. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will receive calls from parishioners and friends on Tuesday, the 16th, during the afternoon and evening.

On Thursday evening the "Farewell Benefit Entertainment" in aid of the Gallaudet Home takes place at St. Ann's Church. It will be the last before St Ann's is relegated to past history. Admission will cost thirty-five cents, which includes refreshments. Make it a point to attend so you may be able to boast in after years that you attended the last entertainment given within this historic church. Ah! for the many reminiscent events that have occurred during its existence? Who will be the historian to put them in book form?

Moses Dunlap, of the firm of Dunlap & Co., the well-known hatters, and a brother of Mr. John Dunlap, of Brooklyn, died last week. One of the wheels of the hearse conveying his remains to its last resting place, broke and overturned the hearse. Another was sent for and the journey to Greenwood Cemetery was resumed.

The Quad Club will hold its fourth annual "Picnic and Summernight Festival at Fort Wendel Park, 194th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, terminus of the Tenth Avenue cable road, on Saturday, June 29th. Tickets will be twenty five cents each, and of these the Committee—F. W. Meniken, Louis Morris and Fred Knox—have already disposed of 250 to members for cash There will be bowling, shooting and other match games for prizes. As the park has been greatly improved since last year, a good time and a large crowd is looked for.

Mrs. P. W. Edmonston and her sister-in law, Miss Sarah Edmonston, of Newburgh, N Y., have been visiting in this vicinity for the past week. Mr. Chas. Edmonston is a night compositor in Newburgh.

The marriage of Mr. Ignatz Timberger and Miss Minnie Housell, which took place near Norwalk, Conn., on March 27th, was quite a surprise to their friends hereabouts as the date was not generally known.

The engagement of Miss Emma Doremus and Mr. William Atkinson, both of Paterson, N. J., is announced, the date having been set for April 24th.

The marriage of Miss Emma Rapp, of Albany, N. Y., and William Coombs, of Brooklyn, will occur on June 19th.

William Temple, the veteran mute compositor, has for some time been an inmate of the Home for old Printers in Colorado, suffering from some incurable disease.

The Newark Society will give a picnic on Saturday, August 31. Emil Schiefler, of Montclair, is Chairman of the Committee.

Chas. McManus has resigned from the Newark Society.

Mr. W. G. Jones gives a recital of "Othello" in the rooms of the Newark Society, Saturday evening.

Martin Glynn is said to be working in Albany at present. He is a compositor, but does not expect to stay there long, as the wages do not suit him.

The report from Albany that Mrs. Yankauer expects to go there for a visit is without foundation Miss M. H. Jones is contemplating going there, however, in response to an invitation from Mrs. Palmer.

Miss Mattie Jaycox has been home from school for a week, owing to a slight attack of the grip.

Miss Fannie Taggard's folks have moved from 86th Street to 90th Street, between Third and Lexing on Avenues.

A pretty baby girl made its debut in the household of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Quigg on the 22d of March, and on the 31 t ult., was baptized in the Church of St. Pauls, the Cross, in Jersey City Heights. It will be known to the future generations as Gertrude Josephine Quigg.

John Stauch is a full fledged sport. His brother owns several establishments at Coney Island, in one of which John is employed. He and R. J. McDonald saw the bout between Wolcott and Dunn last Wednesday, after which they met many of their sportive friends.

Frank Thompson is again living in this city after several years' residence in New Jersey.

The *Silent Worker* for March is to hand, well illustrated and full of readable matter as usual. Publisher Porter speaks with just pride of the new outfit for the printing office, and Editor Jenkins discusses timely topics in away that are at once interesting and instructive. "A Quad" gives the news of the Metropolis in a condensed form, and altogether the paper is worth reading from begining to end.

The New York correspondent for a Western paper says the Quad Club has forty members and the Union League thirty. If this spiteful writer will take the trouble to inquire into the facts, and give the result of his investigation without deduction or fabrication, the readers of that paper will be correctly informed. The Quad Club has fifty-four members and the Union League forty. He takes pains to state the membership of his own club, the Xavier, at twenty eight, and to magnify its own importance, tries to bring the roster of the bigger clubs down nearer to his own. There was never a correspondent for any paper that would misrepresent matters and things in this city as the one above referred to has done during the past twelve months. The publishers will soon find out why their paper is not appreciated in this city.

A scribbler of Jersey City and Newark gleanings in the *Silent-Worker* says: "That the New Jersey Deaf Mute Society lost $30 on its ball is entirely without foundation. The tale that has been circulated is absolutely absurd." I made the statement. My informant was the chairman of the committee of arrangements, who even to this date affinus his former statement. Pride in one's society is very good, but to publicly pervert the truth is bad, very bad—especially when the facts are already known.

The father of Miss Ella Eckel, of Newark, died last week.

The Misses Finn of Orange, of whom there are four deaf sisters, have sustained a loss in the death of their brother, James Finn.

Miss Maggie Sely has removed from New Brunswick to East Orange, from whence she moved some time ago.

Mrs. Charles A. Bothner has been spending a week with her folks in East Orange.

TED.

IOWA INSTITUTION.

Council Bluffs Nonpareil, March 30.

The federal grand jury, at the invitation of the Hon. W. A. De Lashmuth, trustee of the Iowa School for the Deaf, paid an extended visit to that institution yesterday afternoon and evening. The rigs from the school were sent to town immediately after dinner and the jurymen were given a pleasant ride through a temperature that stood pat at about 100 Farenheit. They were met by Henry W. Rothert, superintendent, and G. L. Wycoff, principal, and were shown through the various departments of this notable institution.

GREAT IMPROVEMENTS MADE.

They were shown the many improvements that are being made, among which is the new gymnasium now near completion. It will be one of the finest of its kind west of Chicago. Supt Rothert had many interesting stories to tell of the school. One of the queerest related to a young lady who is now about to graduate. He was not willing to reveal her name, because it might cause some embarrassment. At all events this very estimable young lady is a somnambulist and walks in her sleep. Last winter she walked out of a fourth story window and fell to the pavement below. By some miracle she was not injured. When picked up she was badly dazed but nevertheless unhurt.

The cooking school was a source of much interest to the jurymen. It is not yet in operation, but will be soon. The jurymen were somewhat amazed to hear that the special appropriation for the school last year was only $12,000, and when they saw what an extensive field was covered in the education of the unfortunate children, they each and all made a solemn promise to inform the taxpayers in their districts of the necessity of an increased appropriation.

ARE DELIGHTFULLY SURPRISED.

The deaf printers immediately upon hearing of the arrival of the jury prepared a surprise. In no time they issued from their press a souvenir of the visit containing the names of the officers of the school and of the jurymen, together with cuts of the various buildings of the institution.

At six o'clock the jury were given a banquet. They all enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and each and everyone indulged in after-dinner speeches, which added much to the zest of an occasion which came in the nature of a delightful surprise.

AFTER DINNER SPEECHES.

Their remarks were in relation to the necessity of an increased appropriation. Supt. Rothert and Principal Wycoff responded in brief speeches in which they expressed themselves as gratified at the interest shown in their work. The visit was all in all as attractive a one as could be imagined, and it was not until late in the evening that the federal jury returned to the city immensely satisfied with the pleasant time they had enjoyed.

Chrysanthemum Culture.

Mr. George W. Clemson, of Taunton, Mass., is regarded as one of the best chrysanthemum growers in that state, says Meehans' Monthly. He has learned what many growers have not—that it is an error to pinch back the shoots, in order to make the plants bushy, at a late period of their growth, as this late pinching results in comparatively small flowers. He pots the plants about June 20, and never pinches back the shoots after July 10. Water is not given unless the individual plant requires it. A good syringing, however, is given all the plants every evening after hot, sunny days. Liquid manure is given after the flower buds appear, but only two or three times a week. Kerosene emulsion or tobacco water is given with the syringe once in five days, to keep down the black fly.

Wherever nature has a bare space of open ground, her first effort is to cover that ground. And yet we have been arguing in all these years that the only way to cultivate an apple orchard or vineyard is to keep the ground open and bare at every season. I do not believe in it. It is not nature's method.—Prof. H. P. Armsby.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

EASTER DAY, APRIL 14.

St. Ann's Church, New York, 2.45 P.M., Holy Communion.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, 3.30 P.M.
Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes, 11 A.M., Holy Communion.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will be glad to receive calls from his friends, afternoon and evening, on Tuesday, April 16th.

At St. Francis Xavier's

No. 30 West 15th Street, services will be held on Easter Sunday, commencing at 2.30 P.M. The Reverend Director Joseph M. Stadelman, S.J., desires the attendance of Catholic deaf mutes of the vicinity, as well as those living in the suburbs and Brooklyn and New Jersey.

NOTES OF THE FIRE.

By One of the Graduates on the Scene.

THE LOSS IS GREATER IN OTHER WAYS THAN PECUNIARY.

Some of the Incidents, Serious and Otherwise.

To one who has been at the Institution as a pupil for a few years, and since graduation has visited the scene of his school days occasionally, it is a strange sight to see the trades building which had stood for a score of years in its familiar position north of the school buildings, now reduced to a mass of ruins.

During the past year, I have had occasion to go up to the JOURNAL office almost weekly, and as the Mansion House was passed the trades building was sure to arrest my attention; first, over the sloping ground, the chimneys, then the roof, and gradually the whole building, in Summer partly hidden behind trees; but when the leaves are not on the trees it is exposed to full view from the distance. And as I wended my way thither Tuesday, I felt a queer sensation. I was quite unprepared for it. I had heard of the fire, but I had allowed myself to imagine it to be something that is generally put out with a few bucketsful of water. This was quite natural, for the building was a brick one, with stone foundations, and except for the girders, floors and partitions there appeared to be but little wood work.

At the point, on my journey, where the building ought to loom into view there was nothing to see but the hill beyond on which stands shoemaker Lechthaler's frame house, a familiar sight for many generations of graduates, and in whose orchard abounded what the average school boy calls delicious lusciousness in the way of apples, pears and cherries.

Walking further on the awful facts presented themselves. The building was burned to the ground. Several engines and trucks were on the premises, and the large crowd of some thousand people lent realism to the scence.

Terrible was the realization. As I stood meditating among some twenty graduates who had been led there out of curiosity, I began to realize how great a loss had been sustained. Pecuniarly the loss is great, not fully covered by insurance; but this is not of the first consideration. Still greater is the loss of the shops wherein the pupils were taught the rudimentary principles of printing, shoemaking, carpentering and cabinet-making and tailoring. This means a loss of several months' of technical training. Greatest of all is the loss of the printing office. The loss is irreparable—probably can never be replaced. There were hundreds of cuts, and other things that can never be duplicated. The annual report, which was almost finished and promised to be the best in point of typography and art was destroyed. Complete files of the JOURNAL are reduced to a mass of ashes. A collection of photographs of gatherings of the deaf and of many well-known deaf people are gone forever. And Mr. Hodgson's presonal loss is still greater—a twenty years' accumulation of private correspondence and other documentary evidence, especially valuable to the owner, as well as about 600 books, is gone and beyond redemption. Everything that went to make up the JOURNAL, so familiar to us, is burned to a crisp, the presses bent in the raging furance, the type melted into common type lead, and in fact every thing not burned is rendered utterly useless.

And as we stand there meditating, the full text of the loss dawns upon us, its awfulness presents itself. Standing on a few feet of remaining wall there is nothing to see but a mass of brick and twisted pipes, out of which peeps part of a large paper press, and this too is so bent and twisted as to be good only for old iron. Everthing else is beneath, and it will take days and weeks of digging, but then there is no hope of saving anything.

The manner in which the pupils were managed by Prof. Currier and the institution employes was admirable. Although there was little danger of the fire spreading to the main buildings and dormitories, they were all kept in readiness to depart at the first signal of danger. The timid ones were assured of their safety, and altogether there was the best discipline throughout.

Tuesday afternoon when the fire was all over and part of the remaining walls had been knocked over for safety, the boys aided in backing the hook and ladder truck and engine into position and then helped to draw them up the hill to the Avenue. The firemen miscalculated their strength, which resulted in an amusing incident. When some sixty boys had taken hold of the rope to back the hook and ladder truck and had been told to go, they went.

Then they went too fast and too far, and the firemen called out to them to stop. But it was of no use; they were deaf, and on they went, the result being that they pulled one of the horses over backward, and as he fell out of the harness and was only held by the neck, he was dragged several feet on his side. After this the number at the rope was reduced. The rope was then attached to the engine and word given. But the engine had sunk several inches in the mud. Still off the boys went—but not the engine—the rope had snapped in two. When it was found the horses could not pull the engine up the hill the boys pitched in and dragged it up without stopping, until a supervisor ran ahead of them and checked further progress.

These incidents were great fun for the firemen and the crowd, and for the moment the seriousness of the loss was not thought of.

Dr. I. L. Peet was up on the scene in the afternoon, and many were glad to see him. The scene where he has labored for so many years has a great attachment for him.

As an architect and several directors of the institution were seen there, it is supposed a new building will be erected with all possible haste, so that when, after the summer vacation and school reopens in the fall, there will be one of the best equipped trades buildings that any institution for the deaf in the country can boast of.

A new trades building. This is one of the good things as a consequence of the fire. But far better were it that the old building was not destroyed, as it was a large and substantial one.

And let us be thankful that no lives were lost.

It was awful to contemplate,
But that it was no worse, is some consolation.

TED.

THE HOME GROUNDS.

It seems strange that so much pride and care should be taken in building and furnishing a house, and so little in realizing the possibilities of its grounds. The one has kept pace with all modern improvements, and the other, if not actually retrograding, has at best made a very tardy advance. The owners of suburban places appear to be indifferent to the importance of an intelligent planting of home grounds, and usually set their trees with mathematical regularity, and dot their shrubs here and there without the slightest regard to the effect in the landscape. It is rare that one sees finely planted grounds, and and still more rare to find a judicious selection of trees. The owners employ the best architects and builders and decorators, and expend thousands of dollars upon their houses, and then engage a few village laborers to grade the grounds and plant some trees.

Generally, the trees are maples and poplars and willows—all the laborers know about, very likely—and the chances are that they will be planted without regard to future growth, so that in a few years the grounds become veritable thickets, and all beauty of form and effect is lost.

It does not matter that arboriculture has kept pace with other advances, and that there are hundreds of new and beautiful trees that are peculiarly adapted to landscape gardening. The owners do not know of them, and are too indifferent to find out. And of course the laborers do not have the matter much at heart.

The maples and poplars are all good trees, in their places, but if the grounds are extensive, hundreds of them may be planted, clumsily and injudiciously; and a hundred maples and poplars and willows, huddled together, where there might have been half as many varieties of choice trees, artistically arranged, are apt to check the enthusiasm of a lover of landscape effects.

Few seem to know that the planting of the grounds is of more artistic importance than the house. Beautiful surroundings and a comfortable, well built dwelling are far more impressive than an elaborate structure surrounded by a parody of tree planting. The stately homes of England and France owe more to their grounds than to the edifices themselves. If all who contemplate building would visit as many fine grounds as they do houses, and take as careful notes of the trees and their values in the home landscape, as they do of the rooms and their relative positions to the house as a whole, there would be fewer mockeries of planting.

Travelling through almost any part of the United States, one cannot but be struck by the evident ignorance of even the first laws of landscape gardening, and of what is new and good to plant. Where there is one home surrounded by finely planted grounds, there are dozens that are quite the reverse. This is a strong statement, but a little observation in almost any part of the country will bear it out. Truly Bacon has said that "men build stately before they garden finely."

Out of the dozens of elegant homes that I have seen go up during the last few years, I can only select two or three that display intelligence in the planting of their grounds. The grounds of one elaborate structure that cost thirty or forty thousand dollars were consigned to a laborer working on the place. He was told to plant trees and shrubs, and to make the place look as well as possible by the time the family came down from the city in the spring. He did the best he could, but when a bill for two hundred dollars or so for trees was sent in, the owner positively refused to pay it. It was a "waste of money," and he "could have got the trees cheaper from the woods himself."

In planting grounds, it is of prime importance to make no mistake at the start. The trees are growing, and an error or lack of taste in the beginning is emphasized more and more as the years go by. Trees should not be crowded, and should not be made common by close proximity of too many of their own species. They should be planted in groups and singly, with due regard to their neighbors and the landscape, and in such a way as to display and conceal, to reveal and screen, so that every part of the grounds may be a charming retreat, or a sudden vista of delight and beauty.—*Frank H. Sweet, in N. Y. Observer.*

Peter Butterly and his son Peter, Jr., of Jericho, L. I., will sail for Europe about May 1, 1895. Hope they will have a pleasant trip across the ocean.

ONE SNOWFLAKE'S MISSION.

THERE were a lot of them up there, in their nest in the clouds, making great preparations for their journey to earth, and as might be expected, this being their first trip, there was much speculation as to the desirability of making the journey and great diversity of opinion as to its probable results. Indeed, there was quite a commotion among the flakes. They were all talking at once, while adding the finishing touches to their toilet, save one little flake, who, notwithstanding the beauty of his costume, its wondrous design and perfect execution, looked sadly out of harmony with his dress, his countenance bearing a most unhappy expression. He was so very quiet that at last his companions turned to him in surprise and begged to know the cause of his low spirits.

"I will answer your question by asking another," he replied. "How can you all be in such high spirits? Here, in the clouds, we are in our natural element, in the place of our birth and development, but no sooner do we reach our present stage and begin to enjoy life than we are ordered to descend to that little mundane sphere to be trampled under foot by thoughtless mortals who will not see the beauties of the wonderful white mantle we are told to weave, and I for one rebel at such a sacrifice on our part, and if I had the power to stay behind, you should go on without me, I assure you."

"O, you mustn't feel that way about it," said a big flake. "You have a mission to perform and so have we. We couldn't do your part, you couldn't do ours; but each one of us has a special work to do, and we are not worthy snowflakes if we fail to do it. Perhaps your mission is the best of all. You may be honored more than any of your fellows. You have been honored thus far more than I, who am so very far from perfect in my form and finish. I have a happy heart, however, and firmly believe I have a mission, though it may be a humble one; for if I were not needed I should not have been created."

"I don't see how you can talk about individual missions," replied the unhappy flake, "when there are uncounted millions of us, all going the same way at the same time As for myself, I don't anticipate any mission or any special duty to perform. I shall be all covered up, and of no account whatever. If I could be sure of being one of the lucky ones to light on some bush or tree where I might look about me and enjoy the beauty of the scene I should be reconciled. But to be trampled in the dirt, to be crushed out of all shapeliness and buried in forgetfulness, that I can't bear. If that's my mission I have no interest in it."

"But," said the big, kind flake and his eyes looked very sorrowful, "is it your own pleasure you look for, exclusively? Might you not give great pleasure unto others by helping to carry out the plan of the One who designed us all? Truly it is a happy fate to help to beautify the trees and hedges, to light on roofs and towers where one is unmolested, but think how far more helpful to the world it is to spread a thick, warm carpet over the freezing ground so that the sleeping reeds and tender grass roots may be protected from the chill of winter, and with the call of spring come forth to nourish life, ministering to the needs of people. And then again, think how much pleasure those flakes which fall upon the ground can give to people. Think of the sleigh rides on the well packed roads, the magic slipping over the ground to the music of bells and merry voices! Ah! each flake counts in the happiness and welfare of mortals, and how do we know but that by giving pleasure unto others we may in turn be blessed ourselves? I have either heard or dreamed that it is likely to be the case."

He paused, but gazed wistfully at the face of the little flake, who seemed contending with emotion. The other flakes had grown quiet, as if pondering what had been said, and there was a certain hush which seemed indicative of the last moments to be spent in the clouds and of a speedy starting on the journey earthward to unknown fields of labor.

"Tell me one thing," said the little flake with a face grown suddenly earnest. "Do you suppose the Maker of us all had any special thought about our destiny—I mean as individuals? Do you suppose he cares what may become of us? Have we any reason to think or hope that he will not forget us?"

The big flake eyed the little one long and lovingly.

"Can you ask that?" he said—"you, whose design gives evidence of a perfect thought—an individual conception of a perfect figure? You are one manifestation of God's omniscient power. The mind that fashioned you will not forget you; and be assured he sees with sorrow the flaw down in your heart where you have nursed unwillingness to do his will. It is the one thing which mars the beauty of your being."

"O, I am very sorry," cried the little flake, tears rushing to the windows of his soul; such pure, sweet tears, born of regenerated nature and a new resolve!

The one little flaw was washed away entirely; the one little spot of rebellion changed to purest crystal, and with the prayer: "Dear God, let me but do thy will," he started with his happy followers earthward.

* * * * * *

O, such a pretty fall of snow! No slightest breeze is stirring. Silently, softly, slowly fall the beauteous flakes, unnumbered white-winged messengers whirling, eddying down.

The air is filled with lovely forms, and earth seems wrapped in tender dreams of poetry and peace.

White, white, everything pure and white; a benediction covers the earth in silence, holy and solemn.

Where is our little flake now? O, here it comes in the crowd, with never a crystal disturbed, and within three feet of the ground.

A window is suddenly opened, there are voices of eager children, the softer voice of a maiden exclaiming: "O, what a beauty!" as a pink palm stretched out in the snowfall withdraws with its captured treasure; and our little flake, scarce a second's time from the earth, rests in a living hand, the centre of an admiring circle.

"Be quick, Tom, with your microscope. The little thing won't last long in this warm atmosphere;" and the father of the family bends over the beauteous crystal, and in a twinkling a powerful glass is brought to bear upon the trembling snowflake, and he realizes that the secrets of his inner life are being revealed in some wonderful way to the people about him, all of whom, by turns, take a peep through the microscope.

"You see," says the gray-haired, kindly-faced father, "how, even in the tiny things, God's wonderful designs find place and execution.

"See how perfectly formed these lovely crystals are, each one a perfect whole in itself, yet serving as a part in making up the larger whole embodied in this star-shaped snowflake!

"This little flake speaks of the eternal God as much as does the earth itself, or the canopy of heaven. No one thing is more wonderful than another, since God is in all things, and is the life of all life."

Ah! how the heart of the listening flake swells to think that after all its doubting and its disloyalty to God it now is being used as an object lesson to tell of him, and to teach the importance of each tiny thing that lives in carrying out the great design, the perfect whole, which none but the Designer and Creator can now comprehend!

Who could have dreamed of such a lot—of such a happy mission!

He looks up at the lovely girl above him, and in her face, and that of one who stands close to her with his arm around her, he reads by intuition a tender story, and with a sudden melting of the heart he turns into a drop of water, mirroring in his new form the eyes of love.

And still another lesson to be learned! Again the father speaks with loving earnestness: "You see, my children, that the form is changed, but there is nothing lost. Vapor, then snow, now water, then its first form again as it evaporates, and though we do not see it, it exists, and never while the world remains will be annihilated."

What! Shall he live forever? He is changing now, growing more spiritual in his new condition.

And little Mary whispers: "O, me wants to tiss it!" and the ruby lips touch tremblingly the tiny drop, and with a thrill of new delight the snowflake feels the childish innocence of heart, the purity and beauty of the childish soul; and so, dissolved in happiness and peace, he breathes to God a thanksgiving for his "mission"—a prayer so full of love and praise and beauty that little Mary murmurs:

"O, it's dwefful sweet! Me love dat snow'fake Catch me nuzzer, Julie!"—*Josephine Rand, in N. Y. Observer.*

"The popularity of one of the missionaries under the American Missionary Association is attested by the welcome he received from his people when he returned to his field in North Carolina last fall," says the Christian Leader, and it adds: "In the first prayer meeting they all thanked God for his return, and one brother prayed 'O Lord, we thank thee for our beloved pastor, and we pray thee to bless him. O Lord, make his head an inkstand and his tongue the pen of a ready writer.' Still another brother prayed that he might 'mount the gospel horse and ride into the sea of truth.' It is in this same church that, when they give out a hymn, they say: 'Let us now mangle our jangling voices in a hymn of praise.'"

Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the New York Independent, says he learned at a recent dinner what should constitute an after-dinner speech. The first speaker was very long and tedious, and he concluded that an after dinner speech should not be long. The next speaker talked in very poor taste and was not orthodox, and he said to himself: "An after-dinner speech should not be broad." The third speaker was wearisomely profound, and he was convinced that an after-dinner speaker should not be deep. So, having ruled out the three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness—the conclusion was inevitable that an after-dinner speech should be a point. At least it should come promptly to the point.

Among the questions sent out by a school commissioner was the following example in arithmetic: "If one horse can run a mile in one minute and fifty seconds, and another a mile in two minutes, how far would the first horse be ahead in a match race of two miles?" A teacher returned the question with this attached: "I will have nothing to do with the horse racing problem."—Atlanta Journal.

Tucker: "Why do I look so troubled? Well, last night I dreamed I died and was buried, Parker, and I saw the tombstone at the head of my grave."

Parker: "Saw your tombstone, eh? And what of that?"

"Why, I'm trying to live up to the epitaph I saw there."—Indian World.

"What is your line of business?" whispered the editor to a man he was about to introduce to Northern capitalists. "I hauls furniture," huskily came the reply. "Here, gentlemen," continued the editor, "is Mr. Jones, one of the moving spirits of our city."—Atlanta Constitution.

The fine art critic had been looking over the pictures submitted for the exhibition. "Well," inquired a friend, "what do you think of them?" "Um—er," he replied, "some of them ought to be hung, and some of them ought to be hanged."—Detroit Free Press.

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SPECIMEN PAGE.



361 *"Jesu, dulcis memoria."* Rev. xxii. 4.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 Jesus, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
Jesus, be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux (1091—1153), 1140.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall (1814—1878), 1849.

362 *"O Deus, ego amo Te."*

1 My God, I love Thee: not because
I hope for Heaven thereby,
Nor yet because who love Thee not
Must die eternally.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

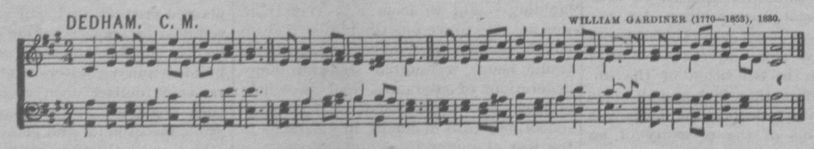
3 And griefs, and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony;
Yea, death itself; and all for me
Who was Thine enemy.

4 Then why, O blessèd Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning Heaven,
Nor of escaping hell.

5 Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Nor seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast lovèd me,
O ever-loving Lord.

6 So would I love Thee, dearest Lord,
And in Thy praise will sing;
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier (1506—1552), 1552.
Tr. by Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849. Sl. alt.



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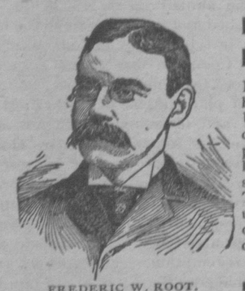
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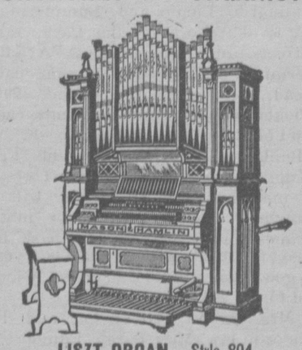
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Mrs. W. K. Harris, rich golden yellow, incurved, a beauty. **Roslyn,** clear mermet pink, immense size. **Col. Wm. B. Smith,** immense solid mass of richest golden bronze. **Ruth Cleveland,** a most delicate silvery pink, very chaste. **Christopher Columbus,** the finest red Chrysanthemum extant. **Emma Hitzeroth,** completely hides the plant with bright lemon yellow flowers. **Francis M. Ward,** immense flower of the purest snow white, 10 inches in diameter. **Mrs. Dr. Phil. Mason,** rich wine red, reverse silvery pink, extra fine. **Dr. Covert,** bright golden yellow, perfectly double, superb. **Mrs. Fanny Marchman,** salmon or Indian red, large and showy. **Eward Hatch,** lemon yellow suffused with pink, grand. **Fair Maid of Perth,** purest white, sometimes tipped rose, a beauty. **V. H. Halleck,** rosy pearl of waxy texture, a prize winner anywhere. **Tsuaka Pakaka,** beautiful blush striped white, immense spreading flower. **Mrs. S. J. Coleman,** deep golden yellow, none better. **Lillian E. Bird,** exquisite shade of shrimp pink, a beauty in every respect. **Miss M. McCowet,** pure white with deep flush of pink. **Sunnyside,** flesh tint changing to pure white, distinct. **Mrs. C. E. Coleman,** deep red, reverse gold tipped with flame color. **Pres.** rosy crimson, awarded medal of excellence.

We are headquarters for all kinds of Roses, Plants, Seeds and Bulbs. Our large illustr mailed for 10 cts. in stamps. We are the largest Rose growers in the world. Address

Good & Reese Co., Box 19 Champion Greenhouses, Spring